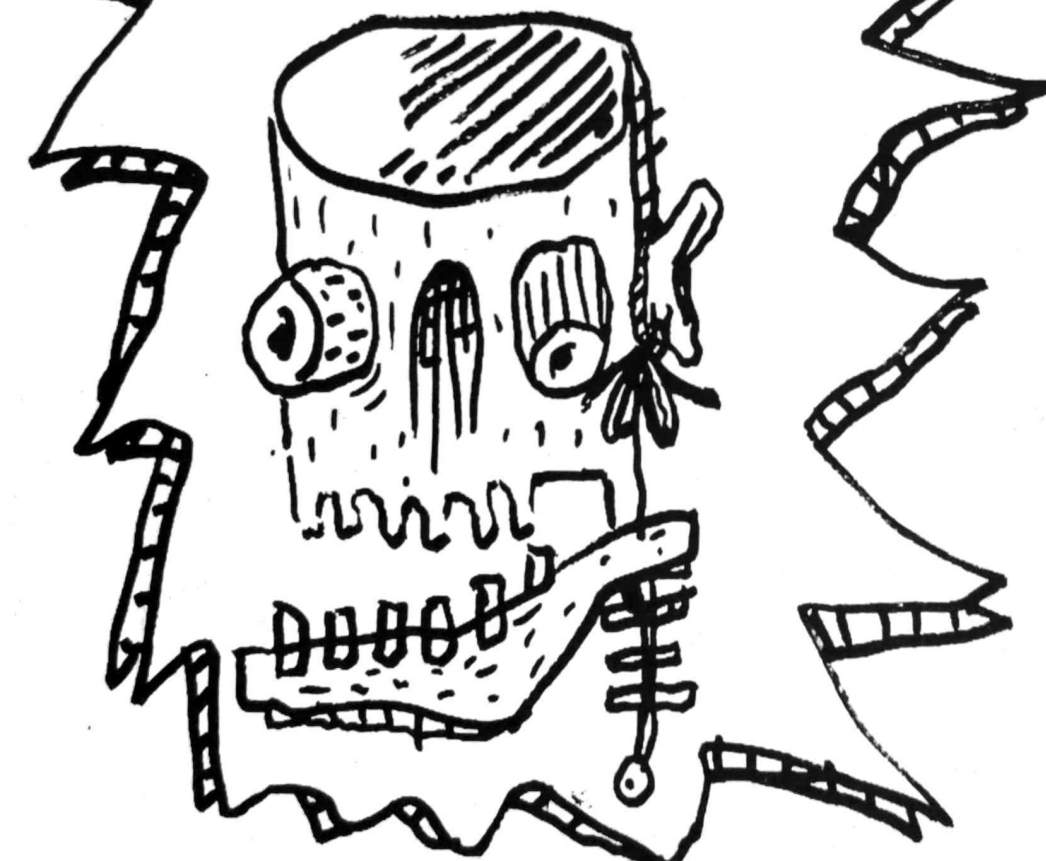


BE BRAVE OLD BOY

FTS

ELMIKE.CALM



looked forward, away anywhere really. Like a blessed set the bartender set down a glass of beer for the inquisitive gentleman on my left and offered up small talk. The man leaned back took his beer, his friends and a good deal of my ability to enjoy the rest of the night with him a little ways down the bar. The bar tender, a short, tubby, bald, and wide spaced toothed gentleman gave to me a scotch. With the greeting, 'I don't give a fuck about you. I don't want to clean up.' I come back for the compassion.

The thing about wrath is that it's the most satisfying. The most poignant. It's usually quick and though painful, satisfying. These men at the bar weren't your stereotypical hicks as you would want to know them. But they did have a voracious appetite for denim. That and rebook. Wrath is an action so I guess, spite was more what it was. I didn't get any thinking done. Nothing built up the way I was hoping for. And I couldn't get too liquored because of my situation. Dudley was a frequent memorie. Most of my interest was given to the ants that scattered from formation when I blew too hard.

Dudley was rested up against the travel shops front window. Sitting on the cement eating an egg. He didn't really respond to my wave but he maybe he just wasn't seeing me. I sat down with a greeting but he didn't take to it. 'Why are you causing trouble?' 'Dudley what are you talking about.' It was more of an accusation than a question. 'Those boys are fine boys. You don't need to pick fights with them.' 'I don't even remember them. They antagonized me. Dudley you, I don't even remember them fighting me.' Dudley looked over at me. What ever the expression was before it turned into a smile. And then he began to laugh. Mushed eggs bloating his cheeks under the heavily arched nose. 'You should have heard yourself though. Calling em everything you could. You're good with the words sometimes you know. Should announce college football games.' Explain. 'I don't know what all you said at the time but it didn't take too long to get em off their seats.' 'Nothing?' 'You were going on about their clothes and their hair. Just the look of em. It wasn't until you asked if they was gonna dance with their boyfriend for ya that they started talking back. It didn't take long after that.' 'I asked em to dance for me. That's not so bad.' 'You were pinching one of their asses at the time.' 'Dudley, no. Come on. tell me what happened really.' He was rescuing all the melty egg yoke he could into his mouth and then answered with a hand raised nodding his head, 'Truth.' Licking his lips. 'Was laughing though.' There was nothing there to remember. I could understand a bit more their irritation with me. Dance for me? 'Did they give me a reason?' Maybe that would call back the memorie. Other's memories always stick better than your own when drinking. 'You get to a point when you don't need a reason anymore.' Like some one erased the chalkboard and you kept trying to read the smudges. 'Wait a minute, you were there for all this.' He looked at me. 'And you didn't do anything?' 'I had no part in it.' 'You weren't looking out for me.' 'You ain't my kid.' Might as well be for all you know. Sounds like you don't even know their names.' 'A lot of people said that Norman Rockwell was just an illustrator, not a fine artist. But they were proved wrong. His paintings are in museums now. And there selling for thousands a dollars even when he was alive.' 'Dudley what are you going on about?' But he just kept going on about Rockwell and a turkey falling under the table. Sweeping the concrete square that wasn't a touch dirty.

Dudley didn't take my side; well I knew where to put Dudley now. I almost started to care about the problems he had with his kids and all. Well now I knew he brought it all upon himself. He was only out for himself and that's what counts. Dudley, he was just going to kick out the rest of his days just the same. Hiding from everyone under a hand sweep and squatting in a shack. I got slightly distracted with my plans to teach Dudley a lesson. I knew a couple of tricks to get him in trouble. All you have to know is the right thing to say. You tell people what they want to hear and anything will happen for you. I remember some families were squatting in a tenement. The owner was going to do a remodel and needed a couple of permits. But he couldn't get the people out, need some permits. I made a few no one, one call said the right thing, and all four were out the next day. No thirty day notice. They didn't deserve it. You gotta do the right thing something, it's important.

See, I really didn't get to see Tiffany again. I went into see Alexander at his shop. We had never really finished talking about my problem with the bartender. He didn't like the full-timers. Like he was going to do something great with his life serving terrible beer and not being able to mix a drink. But I never got to talk to him about this because T came in. This time, this time I was going to get some business done. That blond shit was going to get his. He had to be taught how you treat a person. Especially a customer. There are just basic business tactics that one follows. Customer's always right, right. your job is to serve so that's what you do serve. Get down however far you have to and serve, I would have never made it in my business if I hadn't of busted some balls. And most often it was my own that took it. It really was. I had to deal with people all day long that didn't have the slightest inclination how to do this, but knew exactly how I was screwing up. If they didn't know how to do it then that's why they came to me right. What else, there is no other reason. If you can't do it your self then that's what someone else is for. I was trying to explain all of this to Skip but I don't think he was paying attention very well, because he was agreeing in a real condescending way. Like he wasn't going to do anything about it, but still let me complain. I think everyone needs to take some manners classes. I tried telling him about the ant problem as well but I started looking at one of the paintings on the wall. A pile of yellow and purple and green hills were all jumbled together on the bottom like a pile of laundry and a small spot of trees was there off to the side, they were blue and aqua. And it was about to rain. But there was this lake riding up one side of the hill. It was bent not flat at all. It really started to bother me. 'Skip, what's the deal with this lake? It's crooked.' 'Lake. Man which one are you looking at?' 'This ugly one.' 'That's not a lake it's a shadow from a cloud.' 'But it's just about to rain why would there be just one shadow.' 'The sun's out and there is one cloud in the sky.' 'But shadows are flat.' 'Shadows are the shape of what ever they were laying on.' 'You need to fix that up then I can't made tail from a head.' 'That's the beauty of art Christopher, it all what you want it to be.' that was what was worst about art. People scribbling all over the place and convincing someone else that it was worth something. Artist never got that though. So it was no use of getting in to it with Alex. He wouldn't understand either. I was on my way out when Tiffany was coming in the shop. I tried to day hello to her because I was happy to see her. 'Not now I'm in a real hurry.' And she walked right past me. Picked up something from Skip and walked out. She didn't even apologize for leaving me. She just got back into her truck and walked out. It just wasn't worth it too often. You take a chance to care about someone, make plans for then and this is

the thanks that you get for all of the attention. My wife was the same way. Says she didn't want anything, never wanted anything, but then if I wasn't doing anything for her I wasn't doing enough. It's the same way with who ever you talk to. Everyone's someone to pray to until they get left alone, then they're the worst villain you've ever seen.

By this time I was in that museum I was in that first night it was raining. The small little room that I was looking down on. It seemed a lot bigger that night. This time I was down, inspecting the little stations of memorabilia. Small black and white photographs of miners and farmers. Looking like everyday was a struggle to avoid the last. Maybe it hasn't changed. I was in front of an old gold watch and a miner's diary when he spoke to me. I turned to look up at him. He looked determined. Lanky and prim. His hair was thick and white. His moustache too. He had a gold tracing around one of this bottom front teeth. Both hands stayed in his pockets. Like one of the people in the photos. 'What was that?' 'I said I hope I don't see you in here again.' 'Look buddy.' 'Don't take offense. It has nothing to do with you. It has to do with Dudley.' 'What about Dudley. I didn't do anything to Dudley.' 'I know you were the one who made that call.' 'I never made that call. That was only this morning that I even, I didn't make any call.' 'They picked him up last night. His daughter came and got him out of jail. Do you know what you put her through? After all she and her mother was put through by him. And you put your own wife thru the same thing. I can see you have a wedding band.' 'We divorced.' 'It doesn't stop with a divorce. Look, I don't know why you are doing the things you are to Dudley or even to Tiffany. But I will warn you, they have a lot of people looking out for them here. Some of them real protective.' 'How do you know all of this about me? What about Tiffany. I only talked to her at Skip's. Is Skip, did he come to you and try to threaten me? It ain't happening.' 'You don't even remember do you? You followed her home last week. You spent a good deal of the youngest parts of the morning calling out to her. Her cousin and his friends were ready to take you out and shut you up before they dropped you outside the cop's station. But she was even trying to protect you until you set her off and she laid you out her self.' He pressed a finger into my eye. 'Any of this coming back to you? No. You know I didn't really have a problem with you until you went after Dudley. He don't deserve that. He's been through too much. You know he was a Saint before we went off to the war together. Just married Abigail and had their one year old daughter right there. He didn't belong in the war, but he said it wasn't up to him. You know I was there the first time he took a drink. The war was over and we were in Berlin. The fighting had just stopped, and he took his first drink. Went through his whole duty without touching a girl or a bottle. When I got back he was already here. He hadn't put the bottle down. He's missed the last half of his life. The best half of his life so far. Do you know what that did to his daughter to pick him up from that station cell?' It was coming back now, I had been telling myself the wrong story. I didn't even know my story. I couldn't separate action from intention. It was all wacky. 'You been here three weeks, I think it's time you moved on.' 'Is this a threat?' 'I don't know what this is. This is a warning.' 'I don't know where the remorse had gone in his eyes. 'But museum's closed, you have to leave.'

I walked out of the building without an excuse, straight into the bar. The pack of men, one of them Tiffany's cousin I suppose was at the bar ignoring me. I sat down at a stool calling for a drink. I didn't know the papers had slipped out of my back pocket until the cursing had begun. 'You got a lot of explaining to do,' and he punched me in the back of the head. My mouth attacked the glass in front of it. I wasn't sure if it was glass or tooth swimming around in my mouth, but there was definitely blood. The one who picked up the pages kept reading out quotations. Not all I recognized, but all were familiar. It started stacking up. The days the nights. I only remembered the kindest acts. I looked back to see the pages numbered well past what I had intended them to. Well past anything I could defend against with explanation. The bar tender was ignoring my appeals for a towel, telling the men to take me outside. I looked down at the bar top. The ants were no where to be seen. The line had disappeared into a single ant carrying another in its mouth. He was so small and running so fast with another one in its mouth dead. It was an incredibly lonely thing to watch. I was thinking about my wife and the sugary bottoms of cinnamon rolls, as they dragged me out of the bar. It didn't matter where they were dragging me. It didn't matter that it was pitch dark and the moon was full. It didn't matter that I knew it was going to rain later in the morning before anyone was awake. It didn't matter what size shoe was retracting from me in pain. The length of her hair. Her name was Alexandria. The hallway at home had pictures on one side only. The ride was the same by car or subway. They hit so hard.

fini

Open Miles (all beginning at 20:00)

Mon.

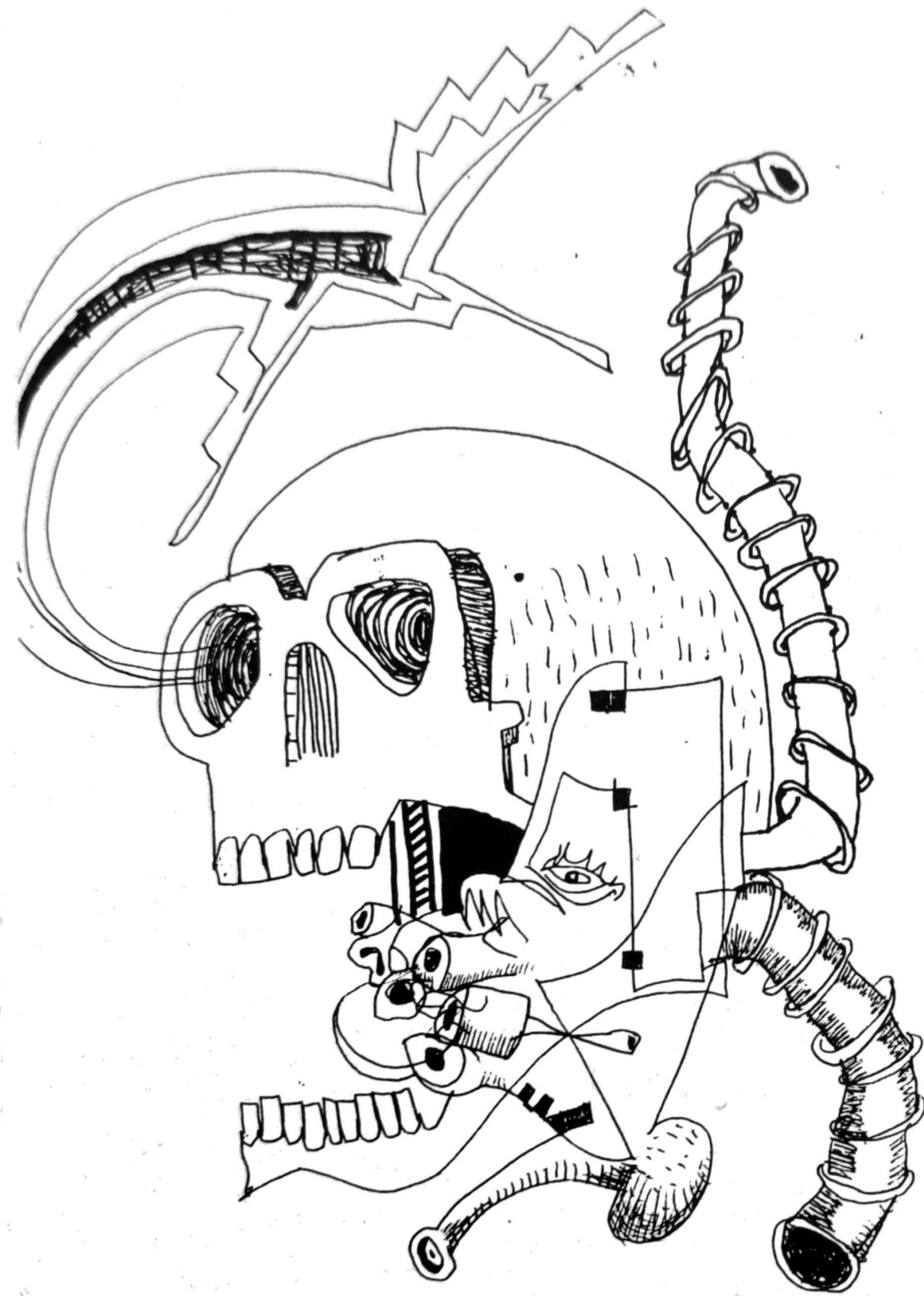
The Blue Lamp (Alhambra & N)
The Fox and Goose (10th, between S & R)

Tues.

24K, prev. Cafe Mexicas, Cafe Paris
next to Rick's Desert (24th and K)
The True Love Coffeehouse (24th and J)

Wed.

Old Ironsides (10 & S)
The Distillery (21 & L) * 22:00 start



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THE VITAMINS IN IMPORTANT FOODS

Food	Vitamin A	Vitamin B	Vitamin C	Vitamin G
Almonds	A	BB	—	GG
Apples	A	B to BB	CC	GG
Apricots	AA	—	CC	GG
Asparagus	A	—	CC	—
Avocado	AA	BBB	C	GG
Bacon	— to A	B to BB	—	GG
Bananas	A to AA	B to BB	CC	GG
Barley, whole	A	BB	—	G
Beans, dry or canned	A	BB	—	G
Beans, string	AA	BB	CC	GG
Beef	A	BB	— to C	GG
Beef, fat	AA	—	—	—
Beets (roots)	A	B	C	G
Beet leaves	AA	BB	—	GGG
Blackberries	AA	B	—	—
Brains	A	BB	—	—
Brazil nuts	A	BB	—	GG
Bread, white, water†	—	B	—	—
Bread, white, milk†	A	B	— to C	G
Bread, whole wheat, water†	A	BBB	—	G
Bread, whole wheat, milk†	AA	BBB	— to C	GG
Broccoli	AAAA	BB	C	GGG
Butter*	AAA	—	—	—
Buttermilk	A	BB	C	GGG
Cabbage, green, raw	AA	BB	CCC	GG
Cabbage, head, cooked	A	BB	C	GG
Cantaloupe	AA	BB	CCC	GG
Carrots	AAA	BB	CC	GG
Cauliflower	A	BB	C	GG
Celery, bleached stems	— to A	BB	CC	—
Celery, green leaves	AA	BB	—	—
Chard	AA	B to BB	—	—
Cheese, whole milk*	AA to AAA	—	—	G
Cheese, cottage	A	—	—	G
Cherries	AA	B	CC	—
Chestnuts	—	B	—	G
Chicken	—	BBB	—	GGG
Chinese cabbage	AA	BB	CCC	G
Coconut	A	BB	—	GG
Cod-liver oil††	AAA	—	—	—
Collards	AAA	BB	CC	GG
Corn, yellow	AA	BB	—	G
Corn meal, yellow	A to AA	B	—	—
Corn oil	A	—	—	—
Cranberries (or juice)	A	—	CC	—
Cream	AAA	BB	C	GGG
Cucumber	— to A	B	CC	G
Dandelion greens	AAA	BB	C	GG
Dasheens	A	B	C	—
Dates	A	BB	—	G
Eggs or egg yolk*	AAA	B to BB	—	GGG
Egg white	—	—	—	GG
Eggplant	A	B	C	GG
Endive	AA	—	C	—
Escarole	AAA	—	C	GG
Figs	A	—	C to —	G
Filberts	—	BB	—	GG
Fish, fat*	A	B	—	G
Fish, lean	— to A	B	—	G

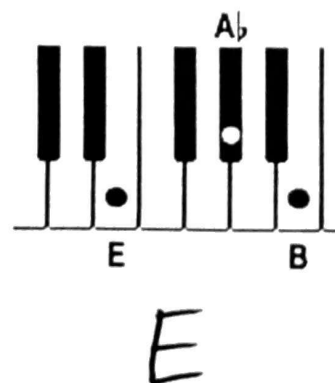
*Supplies a small amount of Vitamin D

††An excellent source of Vitamins A and D

Food	Vitamin A	Vitamin B	Vitamin C	Vitamin G
Grapefruit (or juice fresh canned)	A	BB	CCC	GG
Grapes	A	B	C to —	G
Grape juice	—	B to —	—	— to G
Ham	— to A	BB	—	GG
Heart	A	BB	C	GGG
Hickory nuts	—	BB	—	GG
Ice cream (regular)	AA	BB	C	GGG
Kale	AAA	B	CC	GGG
Kidney	AA	BB	C	GGG
Kohlrabi	—	B	C	—
Lamb	— to A	B	— to C	GG
Lemon juice	A	BB	CCC	GG
Lettuce	A to AA	BB	CC	GG
Limes (or juice)	—	—	CC	—
Liver	AA to AAA	BB	C	GGG
Milk, whole† "scalded"	AAA	BB	C	GGG
Milk, condensed†	AAA	BB	C	GGG
Milk, evaporated†	AAA	BB	—	GGG
Milk, skim, dried or fresh	A	BB	C	GGG
Molasses	—	B	—	—
Mustard greens	AAA	—	CCC	GGG
Oatmeal	— to A	BB	—	G
Okra	AA	BB	—	—
Onions, raw	— to A	B	CC	G
Onions, cooked	— to A	B	C	G
Orange (or juice)	A	BB	CCC	GG
Orange peel	A	B	CC	—
Oysters	AA	BB	C	GG
Parsley	AAA	BB	CCC	—
Parsnips	— to A	BB	—	—
Peaches, raw	A to AA	B to BB	CC	G to GG
Peanuts, Peanut butter	A	BB	—	G
Pears	—	BB	C	GG
Peas, green	AA	BB	CCC	GG
Peas, dry	A	BB	—	GG
Pecans	A	BB	—	—
Peppers, green	AA	BB	CCC	—
Pimientos	AAA	—	CCC	—
Pineapple, raw, canned	A	BB	CC	G

†When irradiated, an excellent source of Vitamin D

C O N T. LAST PAGE



A/MULTIPURPOSE GLOSSARY OF THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT
by the 12/21/12 collective

(This document is embryonic and not all ideas within are developed fully. If you have any additions, send them as a separate document to
cityscape@yaho.com)

12:00 TIME-
The 12 month year and 60 minute hour form of time

Julian Time-invented by Julius Caesar (and his cronies) and imposed upon all pagan peoples conquered by the Roman Empire, to disarm them and make
them forget how to live harmoniously with nature and keep them dependent on the financial machine of the Holy Roman Empire

Gregorian Time-invented from Julian time by Pope Gregorius in the 1500's

Accepted as the world standard only in the early 1900's

144,000 -
Jehovah's Witnesses go to heaven
days in 1 Mayan Bakt Tun

ANTARCTICA
1-MAPS

- 1a- Medieval maps (conjectures) from "before" Antarctica was explored by Spanish fleets show Antarctica either free of ice, or with a little ice in the center
- 1b- Piri Reis, commander of the fleet of the Ottoman Empire, made a map in 1513 that showed the Northern shores of Antarctica to be free of ice. He noted in the margins of the map that he got the Antarctica information from older maps, which date back to the 4th century BC
- 1c-In 1531, Orontheus Phytius drew a map of Antarctica free of glaciers, except for in the center of the continent.
- 1d-Mercator (Gerard Cremer)'s map of 1538 had a pretty accurate map of Antarctica on it.
 - 1da- Mercator created a map in 1569 that had a very inaccurate map of Antarctica on it.
 - 1daa- Mercator's 1538 map used ancient source maps to conjecture Antarctica, while the 1569 map used data from the Spanish fleets of the time, which was less accurate. Unfortunately, the ancient source maps do not exist today
 - 1db- Both of Mercator's maps showed Antarctica only partially covered by ice
- 1e- Philippe Bouche, published a map of Antarctica in 1737, which had a correct representation of the under-ice topography of Antarctica.

2- THE ICE CAP

- 2a- Orbdoxology geology claimed that the age of the Antarctic ice cap was 25 million years
 - 2aa- Then, the claim was reduced to 6 million years
 - 2ab- Dating the spread of the glaciers on maps made over the last 6,000 years, it is very possible that the Antarctic ice cap is only 6,000 years old on the pole and less old further out from the pole
- 2b- The rivers of Antarctica were flowing as recently as 6,000 years ago, according to nuclear dating
 - 2ba- glacial sediments started to form on the bottom of the Ross Sea about 6,000 years ago

3- THE CIVILIZATION

- 3a- It is possible that the Antarctic ice cap has only grown to its' large size over the past 6-12,000 years
- 3b- It is possible that growth of this ice cap destroyed an ancient civilization extant on the Antarctic continent, and forced its' survivors to sail out to find new places to live
 - 3ba- these new places to live may be
 - 3baa- Ancient Egypt
 - 3bab- Ancient Guatemala (Mayan Civilization)

ARTISTS

- 1-In "Natural Time," Artists are heroes because through creating, they further the principles and actions of creation and love (J. Arguelles)
- 2- In Fuller's Specialization theory, Artists are the most genetically socially viable humans because they have not been trained for specialization, and are able to use their multifaceted experiences to be jacks-of-all-trades and survive the collapse of specialized society, just as nonspecialized genetic specimens of a mostly specialized animal have a better chance of surviving a disease or predator that kills off the parts of the herdspecies with specialized genes. (B. Fuller)

ASTROLOGY-

- 1- The astrology we use today was supposedly invented by the Babylonians

2- PROBLEMS

- 2a- the astrology we use today is vaguely synchronized with the 12-month Roman calendar
 - 2aa- did we lose a sign along the way somewhere, possibly from the 13 lunar months?
 - 2aaa- did Native American astrology (if it existed) have 13 signs?
 - 2aaaa- were they sun signs or moon signs?

ATLANTIS-

- 1- Could Atlantis be an instinctive memory of Pangaea?
- 2- Could Atlantis be buried underneath the Arctic Sea?
- 3- Could Atlantis have existed on a different 3-dimensional plane?
- 4- Is there possibly a hollow space between the crust and the mantle of the earth (or within the lower crust) that could contain Atlantis? (Hollow Earth Theory)
- 5- Could Atlantis be Antarctica?

BIG BANG-

16.4 Billion years ago (According to extrapolations from the Mayan calendar)
5.5 Billion years ago (according to mainstream science)

BOOKS

"The Mayan Factor"- Jose' Arguelles
"Around in Circles"- Jim Schnabel
"And The Truth Will Set You Free"- David Icke

CALENDARS-

Mayan 5th age begins 8/11/3114 BC and ended 7/7/1987
The time between ages begun 7/7/1987 and ends 12/21/2012 AD

McKenna's Timewave Zero ends 12/21/2012AD (the dimensional split?)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT-

"Once you've killed somebody, you've lost the opportunity to learn anything about them." (J. Bouvier)

CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANSION-

Time isn't actually speeding up, but consciousness is growing and expanding exponentially to the point that it seems like time is speeding up exponentially (J.X. Lungold)

CROP CIRCLES-

The crop circles are running through a numeric sequence on an annual basis. It is a twelvefold geometric progression. Year 12 is 2000. Year 1 was 1989
Year 24 is 2012. (J. Haddington)

DNA-

Extrapolations from Mayan hieroglyphs can be interpreted to predict that in the span between the 5th and 6th ages, human DNA will begin to undergo the process of mutating from 2 strand DNA "back to" 12 strand DNA.

DRAGONS-

Could Dragons be an instinctive memory of dinosaurs?

DREAMSPELL-

"Any agreed upon belief system which creates a continuing state of consciousness"(J. Arguelles)
The Dreamspell of "human history" is scheduled to end 12/21/12
The Dreamspell of "galactic culture" is scheduled to begin 12/21/12

GALACTIC CULTURE-

- 1- The end of male dominance, the warrior archetype, and the fear and separation paradigm
- 2- The end of the Age of Pisces and the fear the ones you love/love the ones you fear paradigm
- 3- The end of experiencing 3-dimensional existence and linear time as we know them

GEOLOGIC TIME-

Mainstream scientists laugh off predictions outside their limited paradigm, often with the excuse that "A million years is nothing in geologic time." But, if linear time is multiplying exponentially, geologic time will come along with it, and things like continental drifts and pole shifts will happen much faster, and closer we are to 12/21/2012. What might have used to take 1,000,000 years might only take about five minutes (or even less) if it happens in November or December of 2012. (K. Patten)

HARMONIC CONVERGENCE PROPHECY-

1 CHENG- The 1 Cheng's 64 possible hexagrams are also a 384 day, 13 month lunar cycle (menstrual cycle?) calendar, which in itself, is a fragment of a greater form of time, called Fractal Time (T. McKenna)

MAGIC-

Magic has been held back through suspension of belief in it
Magic can return through suspension of disbelief in it (K. Patten)

MAGNETIC GRID-

Technology has fucked up the EM balance of Earth and sky
Sacred sites are dimensional cusplaces of multidimensional power, which are intersections of ley lines
Stonehenge? The Field Of Dreams? Apt. A? The Plains Of Nasa? Whigley Field? Chicken Itza? Cheops Pyramid?
Humans can add energy to sacred sites
There are two-way energy conduits
The magnetic polarity of the planet might shift, which might cause the planet's rotation to go the other way

MAYAN CALENDAR-

The mathematics of the Mayan calendar might be the same mathematics as the mechanics of the 4th dimension, which might also be the same mathematics of the trues, more efficient Astrology

Another possible end date extrapolated from the Mayan calendar is 10/28/2011 (J.X. Lungold)

Some parts of the Mayan calendar have yet to be revealed or understood (J. Arguelles)

The Mayan 5th world ended in 1987. The 6th starts on 12/21/2012, but is not covered on their calendar

MAYAN DEMOCRACY (a modern theory, because the Mayans weren't democratic)-
True democracy consists of autonomous people, telepathically united (J. Arguelles)

MAYAN THEORY OF ART (a modern theory based on Mayan extrapolations)
Everything is "art" when you are in true harmony with time (J. Arguelles)

NATURAL TIME-

13 moon, 28 day cycle, with possible effect of worldwide synchronized menas among all women
NOVELTY THEORY-

Novelty is when something happens out of the ordinary. Examples are inventions, cataclysms, wars, etc. The amount of novelty on Planet Earth has been increasing exponentially since the planet formed, and the greatest rise in novelty has been seen with the ascension of humans as the dominant sentient beings of Planet Earth.

Terrence McKenna's Timewave Zero extrapolation projects that novelty will reach a point of infinity (or at least effective infinity, where even the microsecond is far too large to measure it) on 12/21/2012

PANGAEA-

When did Pangaea "break apart"? Some new-ager said 9600BC... that doesn't sound right. But then again.

PEOPLE

Professor Van Der Moondos

POSSIBLE THINGS THAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON 12/21/2012-

the black hole at the center of the galaxy collapses, causing 3-dimensional space to cease to exist, and causing all "souls" to either ascend to the fourth dimension, or descend to the second dimension (K. Patten)

- 1 -the invention of time travel happens, causing the timewave to cease to exist, because time has gone from being a linear thing in 3 dimensions to being accessible along all possible tangents of the timeline, causing what was once a non-dimensional abstract thing (time) to exist to us as a concrete 4th dimension. (T. McKenna)
- 2a- 3 dimensional spacetime still exists and is still experienced linearly, but is accessible at all points along the line, possibly only to the economic elite (K. Patten)
- 2b- 3 dimensional spacetime ceases to exist as we know it, and people perceive themselves as living in an atemporal bubble, and the time they live in exists as part of their "address": e. John Doe, 888 1st Ave. New York New York, 80911, 1974AD) Time travel/nonlinearity becomes an intrinsic part of the psychological makeup of the human species (T. McKenna)
- 1 -With the harmonic convergence of the universe and Earth, and the extremely novel and rare interplanetary/galactic alignment that will occur on 12/21/2012, our reality might split, causing multiple reality branches to emanate from the "trunk" of "human history." (K. Patten)
 - 3a-New-Agers would go to the peaceful realities they've been hoping for
 - 3b- Christians, Muslims, Jews, etc... would see the second coming and go to "Heaven."
 - 3c- Positive technologists would stay on Earth and nothing would happen that day, but their eventual reality would end up being the "Star Trek" reality they've dreamed of.
 - 3d- Negative technologists would stay on Earth and nothing would happen that day, but their eventual reality would end up being of the "Borg/Matrix" paradigm.
 - 3e- For violent apocalysts, the violent/nuclear end of the world would either start or end that day

PRELOGICS- The foundation of all logic systems

THE QUICKENING-

Is The Quickening (or the speeding up of time) a "law of physics" that we cannot do anything about, or something we're creating through observation of the rapid growth of humanity and technology?

SCHUMANN RESONANCE-

The Schumann Resonance of Earth has been consistent at 7.83 cycles per second for thousands of years, but since 1980 has been rising to 12 cycles per second. This may be consistent with an exponential growth pattern near enough to harmonize the "150,000,000,000 years" until the galaxy collapses with the "less than 10" years of the Kirk Patten theory. This also tells us that time is "speeding up."

SIBERIAN SHAMANS-

Siberian shamans used Fly Agaric (Amanita Muscaria) mushrooms to commence on a journey to the "Cosmic Center" of the universe. They would drink their own urine, which would get them high on psilocybin again, because most of it is passed as a waste product, and extend the ritual for days

SPECIALIZATION-

1-Specialization came about when jacks-of-all-trades/the big picture built pyramid schemes to elevate their personal power, holding many specialists beneath them in their power schemes, with only they knowing the big picture. It keeps the people beneath useful and paid, but relatively powerless. However, as the jacks die off and become specialized themselves, there is no central focal point for the power of the structure, and the whole pyramid (a better model would be an upside-down pyramid) becomes near-collapse from overspecialization of the human species (B. Fuller, J. Patten)

- 1a- Humanity has been deprived of comprehensive understanding (B. Fuller)
 - 1aa- This document serves as an attempt to take comprehensive understanding of the universe back from the specialists and mainstream scientists (K. Patten)

1b- Specialization has bred feelings of isolation, frustration, and futility in individuals (B. Fuller)

1c- Specialization breeds biases that grow into ideological discord, which breeds war (B. Fuller)

1d- Specialization has resulted in people leaving responsibility for thinking and social action to others (B. Fuller)

1da- The people who have the power to think and govern for others are loath to return that power, and use their own pyramids of specialism (governments, soldiers, corporations, etc.) to keep their power (K. Patten)

2-All known cases of biological extinction (not human-caused extinction) have been caused by specialization, whose concentration of only selected genes sacrifices general adaptability (B. Fuller)

3- The only people in society who don't get trained for specialization are the ARTISTS'

TACHYON PARTICLES-

Particles that travel faster than the speed of light, presumably sent out backwards in time (and possibly to all 4-dimensional points) from the zero point. As we go forward in time, we are bombarded with more and more radiation from these particles, which may cause visions, and perceptions of things like UFOs and Chupacabras (Art Bell, T. McKenna)

TIME-

Time is the unifying field that holds together our common perception of reality (J. Arguelles)

TIME MACHINES-

Possibly, the event at the zero point on 12/21/2012 is the invention of the time machine, thus rendering linear time obsolete, and making possible

- 1- each consciousness to find its' own reality" (K. Patten)
- 2- the rich/power elite to control this technology, and using it to render the majority of Earthlings utter complete slaves" (K. Patten)

UNIFIED FIELD THEORY-

VOLCANIC ACTIVITY-

1-Rises in sea level caused by global warming correspond to rises in volcanic activity (European Volcanic Commission)

2- Cooling in the environment during ice ages and glacial expansion corresponds to a lowering of the amount of volcanic activity (Geophysical Research Letters)

2a- the weight of ice on the world's frozen waterways

2b- changes in amount and/or location of underground water near points of magma outflow

WHITE HOLE-

Fate

There was a girl. Of course. It always starts with a girl. The girl (now in her mid-twenties and financially and emotionally independent, after passing through a semi-awkward adolescence) realized at some point that she could survive, even live happily, without a boy in her life, but that life would be rather boring if that were the case. And so, in want of, but not in need of, love, she set out to find a likely match.

She tried broadening her social circle so as to increase the male:female ration, but ended up only befriending her own friends' significant others, or the undesirables who befriended girls because they could not bed them. She tried casually mentioning to friends, family, her dentist, her doctor, her hairdresser, etc. that she was again "on the market" as it were, and would kindly appreciate some assistance in the undertaking of meeting a suitor. But this only resulted in a few clumsy blind dates with the socially-inept, dim-witted, and/or utterly revolting. She tried the downtown bar scene, painting her high cheekbones with blush, lining her almond eyes with black kohl, elongating her lashes with rich mascara, dressing her curvy hips with tight low rise boot leg jeans, sliding her manicured toes into strappy black heels, throwing on the tiny hipster t-shirt, and cruising through her favorite local haunts with her other similarly be-decked single friends in tow. And while she would never be wanting for dance partners or free drinks, she never made a connection with anyone she would consider actually having some sort of relationship with beyond the ass-grinding done within the small confines of a downtown bar's dance floor.

As the girl was a relatively attractive woman who was not lacking in the wit, intelligence, creativity, or candor departments, she began to wonder what the fuck was wrong with the world when a girl like herself couldn't meet anyone normal. And by normal she meant: not sleazy, not in possession of shiny polyester "clubbing" shirts, not inclined to begin a conversation with, "Hey! Woman! Love that ass!", not in the habit of repeatedly grabbing said ass while dancing and then looking away when our heroine attempted to make eye contact and shoe away the offender. By normal she just meant: young, smart, reasonably hilarious, well-mannered, and possessing some sort of fire within. A fire much like the fire she felt within herself every Sunday morning when she awoke to a whole day full of opportunities. A day where obligation did not enter into her vocabulary. A day where she could indulge her creative desires, her auto-erotication desires, or something even deeper... she could day-dream about her illustrious future. Yes, the man she wanted to meet must certainly have day-dreams about his own illustrious future.

Illustrious is a word I use cautiously. Meaning: she wasn't greedy. She didn't want or need a lot of money. But she had a drive to succeed. For her, success would be knowing she had accomplished the few tasks that compelled her to awake every morning. She wanted to be a writer (cliché, indeed), and she wanted her work to go out into the world and affect just one person's heart and mind in a positive and irreversible way. She wanted to change the world, on the largest scope she would be able to manage. She wanted to travel to as much of the world as she could reasonably see during her lifetime. This was the illustrious future she dreamt of. Sunday after Sunday.

And all I can tell the reader is that the normal guy she dreamt of, the one that conducts conversations with amazing wit and intelligence, but possesses a spirit and childishness that allows him to put his tighty-whites on his head after removing them from the dryer and dance about the laundry room singing with utter irreverence and joy; this man who is still a boy, in all the good ways, and really a man, in all the better ways; this guy that opens the door for women, but not in an anti-feminist statement, merely an act of good will (for he also opens the door for men, children, the elderly, or anyone else who happens to approach a closed door near him); this man who spends all day Sunday completing the New York Times crossword puzzle at the local café while secretly daydreaming about liquidating all of his assets, buying a boat, and sailing around the world for as long as he can reasonably manage; this man, the girl's soulmate if you will, does exist.

He lives, in fact, three doors down from the girl. She walks past his covered front stoop every weekday morning, and nine times out of ten, she stops to admire the overgrown purple hydrangea bush in the yard (she dreams of someday carrying a bouquet of red roses and purple hydrangeas at her wedding).

And so I leave fate, my dear reader, to eventually intertwine the lives of these two young souls. If you believe in fate, the girl will trip on the large crack on the sidewalk in front of his house next Tuesday. And her fall will coincide perfectly with the boy exiting his front door to grab the morning paper off of his doormat. And he, being the naturally compassionate and well-mannered man he is, will come to her aid. And though she will be fine (just a small scratch perhaps) he offers her a band-aid, and their lives are suddenly irrevocably connected. However, dear reader, if you do not believe in fate, then maybe she adjusts her foot-steps ever so slightly so as to avoid the pitfall in the concrete. And maybe she doesn't.



Excerpts from The Unfinished Screenplays 96-01

From *Return to the Manor*

CUT TO:

Ext./Terrace/Twilight

The lovely crepuscular light that comes out during what cinematographers refer to as "magic hour" pours over an attractive bistro set that rests on slate tiles. Seated in one of the two chairs is Emanuella Stenkir. A long-limbed and bronzed woman, she wears a diamond tiara and shoes that cost more than any model available in the Hyundai family of cars. Across from her slumps the undead ghoul of her former husband, Nathan Chalms. In his living years, he was a world class diver who met an untimely end when he dove into a pool that had been drained the previous evening. He wears the same suit he was buried in, though it is naturally besmirched with earth and rot.

Emanuella

Please sit up. It makes me feel unattended
when you don't.

Nathan

I would like to darling, I really would, but you
must remember that most of my vertebrae were
shattered when I took that foolish leap.

Emanuella

Yes, but it's so unlike you. Do you remember
how lovely and pristine your posture was
before you became a soulless corpse forever
damned to walk among the living and
consume their vibrant flesh? People were
drawn to you by nothing more than the
way you *sat* in a chair. (She puts a hand
to her mouth as the tears begin to well up.)
Drawn to you like filings to a magnet, like
ticks to a faun's haunches—

Nathan

Am I really so different than I was? Have
I become so dreadful?

Emanuella

And your skin! So ashen, so dry! Undead or no, you're
surely in need of some moisturizer.

Nathan

Oh, it's no use! Things can't be like
they were before, can they? Touch my
rotting cheek one last time, my love.

Emanuella

(Through her sobs) Yes, my darling...
Goodbye... ..my darling (Extends hand
across table to caress the ghoul's decomposing
face, but then stops short.) Wait a minute. You're
not... ..you're not going to try to eat my hand
are you?

Nathan

(Laughing) You still know me so well!

From "Sir Francis Drake", She Said, Removing Her Blouse

FADE IN: INT./HOTEL ROOM/NIGHT

A man and a woman are seated at a table that is situated in front of a large window. The gleaming lights of the San Francisco skyline are visible through the glass. On the table rests a chessboard and two champagne flutes. The woman's glass is empty, the man's nearly full. Behind the woman an opened champagne bottle rests in a stainless steel ice bucket. She reaches for it, as the man twirls a pawn from the chessboard in his fingers and speaks:

Russ

For my money, the most erotic piece in
chess is the knight, not for it's shape, but
for it's peculiar *movement* in the game.
Three spaces horizontally or vertically, then
one along the alternate axis. It's a hook,
a crook, a *con-man*. No other piece approaches
it's opponent so obliquely. In this
way, it is like a great seducer. Seduction
always involves running parallel to one's
target, keeping a comfortable distance,
then striking. But I grow long-winded,
what do you think, mon cheri? Which
figure on the board stirs you most?

Candy

What's this one here?

Russ

Ah, two spaces in along the rear?

Candy

The one I'm fuckin' pointin' at.

Russ

That is the stately bishop. Why do you choose that piece?

Candy

I don't know. It looks a little like a cock,
I guess. A real small one without nuts,
but just the same.

Russ

Ah, but doesn't the obvious resemblance to
a phallus make it a little less appealing than
the knight? Is it not a bit too forthcoming in
its intentions?

Candy

Listen, fuckface, I don't know what you're
talking about, but I do know that you only
paid me for an hour, and you've talked your
way through the first forty minutes. Do you
want your salad tossed or not? 'cause it takes
time to do it right.

Russ

I-I beseech thee, forgive me for being overtaken
with the preludes to lovemaking so much as
to have forgotten the tender act itself. (Soto Voce)
If I pay you another Franklin could you stick
around another half-hour and use
the strap-on? It's in the top right dresser
drawer, resting on the Gideon bible.

**CHEESE FRANK-
FURTERS**

6 frankfurters
¼ pound American cheese
6 slices bacon

Cut a lengthwise slit in each
frankfurter. Cut strip of Amer-
ican cheese the length of frank-
furter and about ¼ inch thick.
Fill slit with strip of cheese; wrap
slice of bacon around each frank-
furter and fasten ends with tooth-
picks. Broil frankfurters slowly,
turning often, until the bacon and
frankfurters are cooked through
and browned. Serves 3.

MEXICAN BEANS

2 cups mashed pinto beans
2 teaspoons fat
2 cloves garlic, mashed
7 green onions, chopped
1 cup grated American cheese

Use leftover beans. Heat fat,
add beans and remaining ingredi-
ents, cook until onions are tender
and serve hot. Serves 4 to 6.

Dudley didn't take my side; well I knew where to put Dudley now. I almost started to care about the problems he had with his kids and all. Well now I knew he brought it all upon himself. He was only out for himself and that's what counts. Dudley, he was just



Draw in the Dark

Number of Players: 2-20

Length of Time: 15-30 minutes

Materials: Paper (a sheet for each player)
Pens or pencils
Hard surface for drawing

Preparation: Each person is supplied with paper, pencil, and a writing surface.

Object of the Game: To draw a picture.

To Play:

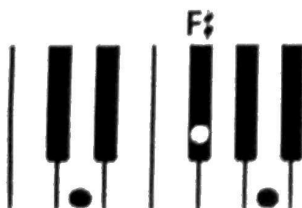
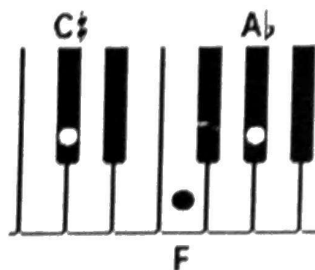
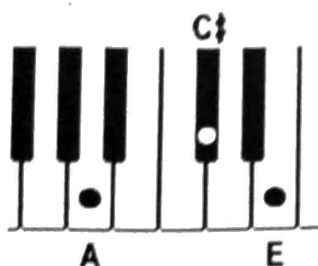
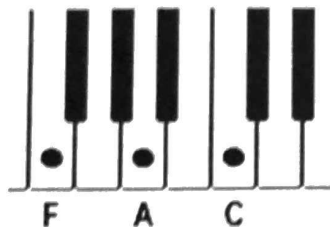
The lights are turned off. Each person draws a picture within a certain time limit. The lights are turned on so all can see what they've done.

Variation:

Participants may be required to draw a specified subject.

Purpose or Benefit

"Draw in the Dark" is a challenging, creative, and humorous activity.



Food	Vitamin	Vitamin	Vitamin
Pork.....	A	B	G
Potatoes, white.....	— to A	BB	GG
Prunes.....	A	BB	G
Pumpkin.....	AA	BB	GG
Radish.....	AA	B	G
Raisins.....	— to A	BB	G
Raspberries.....	—	B	
Rhubarb.....	AA	B	G
Rice, white.....	—	—	GG
Rice, whole grain or brown.....	A	BB	G GG
Roe, fish.....	AA	BB	GG GG
Romaine.....	AA	BB	GG GG
Rutabaga.....	— to A	BB	GG GG
Rye, whole.....	A	BB	GG GG
Salmon, canned.....	A	—	GG GG
Sauerkraut.....	A	B	GG GG
Shrimp.....	A	—	GG GG
Spinach.....	AAA	B	GG GG
Squash, Hubbard.....	AAA	B	GG GG
Squash, summer.....	A	B	GG GG
Strawberries.....	A	B	GG GG
Sweetbreads.....	A	B	GG GG
Sweetpotatoes.....	AAA	BB	GG GG
Tomato, raw or canned.....	AA	BB	GG GG
Turnip.....	— to A	B	GG GG
Turnip greens.....	AAA	BB	GG GG
Veal.....	— to A	B	GG GG
Walnuts.....	A	BB	GG GG
Watercress.....	AAA	BB	GG GG
Watermelon.....	A	B	GG GG
Wheat, bran or whole.....	A	BB	GG GG
Wheat embryo.....	AA	BBB	GG GG
Yeast.....	—	BBB	GG GG
Yeast bouillon.....	—	BBB	GG GG

¹When irradiated an excellent source of Vitamin D

Be Brave Bold Robot

Issue 8, September 2003

I could be a friend to you, deanhaakenson@yahoo.com

A Kinder, Gentler, and slightly more Sarcastic, Voltron Force:

Carly "Princess Allura of the Sky Blue Lion" **Bourne**, Scott "Pidge of Lions Forest Green" **Moore**,
Reginald "Lance, Red Lion" **Otto**, Michael "Hunk, Yellow Lion" **Rodriguez**,
Douglas "Keith, Lion in Black" **Shackey**

Dad Goes Postal

"Shut up or I'll turn this car around and go home!"

The kids knew he wouldn't, although they half-wished he would.

"Kids, behave. Your father is trying to drive."

"But Mom, Micah stole my Etch-A-Sketch and he won't give it back!"

"That's it!" Dad yelled as the car skidded to a stop alongside a rock formation deep in the New Mexico desert, "I've been waiting to do this for a long time! You kids are gonna get it this time!" He slipped off his leather belt.

"Dear, don't hit them with that... Why don't you just give them a spanking?"

The kids quieted up right quick. The belt fell to the pavement below. The leather pouch attached to it lay open in his hand.

"We're sorry Daddy!" the kids cried as they cowered in wait.

"Dear, calm down. Let's get back in the car and keep going... We'll be in Los Angeles in time to check into a nice hotel tonight... We'll put the kids to bed... Maybe go down to the hotel spa and have a nice soak.... okay?"

He probably didn't hear her.

BOOM! BOOM! The kids screamed! BOOM!

"Bill, No!" his wife cried!

BOOM! BOOM! CHHHHHHH! PFFFFFT! And then it was all over.

"My god dear, that's the last time we stop in El Paso for authentic Mexican food!"

"Euuuuuu Gross, Daddy! That's disgusting!"

"Well, kids, if you keep arguing like that, I may just have to pull out the ass monster again before we get to L.A.!"

"Okay Dad, we'll behave!"

All points of view, foreign or domestic, expressed or inferred, contained herein, are purely for the purposes of mind/soul massage and exploration. Any damage to ego or identity is, therefore, purely self-inflicted and possibly the fault of the entertainment you intake and/or your parents. Yes.